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THE WOMEN WHO WAIT.

Great God of battles! stretch thine arm
Across the mighty deep,
Guide thou our fleet to victory
While we our vigils keep.

O thou who seest our proud ships sweep
To meet the lurking foe.
Succor the brave who go to bear
The stress of strife and woe.

Rule though above the troubled seas;
The triumph swift give thou
To those who answer mercy's voice,
Who to compassion bow.

Not for our banners stained and torn,
Not for our bravest slain,
O God of Mercy, give us strength
To bear this greatest pain:

But for a nobler cause we pray.
For Cuba's alien cry;
And for the bitter things which send
Our nation's best to die.

When these are stilled, oh, stay the storm
Over the cruel main,
Pilot our heroes safely back
And give us peace again.

—Helen R. Raymond in the Boston Transcript.

THE FLAG.

I hope peace will come soon, and come to
stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping
for all future time.—Abraham Lincoln.

Roll a river wide and strong,
Like the tides a-swinning.
Lift the joyful floods o' song
Set the mountains ringing.
Run the lovely banners high—
Crimson morning-glory!
Field as blue as yonder sky,
Every star a story.

Let the people, heart and lip,
Hail the gleaming splendor!
Let the guns from shore and ship
Acclamation render!
All ye oceans clap your hands!
Echo plains and highlands,
Speed the voice thro' all the lands
To the Orient islands.
Darling flag of liberty!

Law and Love revealing.
All the downcast turn to thee.
For thy help appealing.
In the front for human right.
Flash thy stars of morning.
All that hates and hides the light
Flies before thy warning.
By the colors of the day.
By the breasts that wear them,
To the living God we pray
For the brave that bear them!
Run the rippling banner high:
Peace or war the weather.
Cheers or tears, we'll live or die
Under it together.

—M. W. S. in Hamilton Literary Magazine.

KING COAL TO UNCLE SAM.

I am the king of strife and calm—
Now a whistle and now a moan—
I have seized the scepter and torn the palm
From the wind on his hauble throne.
My pipe in his face I boldly puff
Till his rage my soul inspires,
And I draw him down and his cries I drown
In the glee of a billion fires!
Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
King of the field and foam,
King of the mountain, hill and lea,
King of the hearth and home!

Heir of the lordly limbs and leaves—
Now a whistle and now a moan—
And my sires up-garnered in mammoth
sheaves,
On the floors of the world were strown.
Yet, up through the starless roofs I come,
And the sentry breezes quail;
And the furnace glow is the flag I throw
In the teeth of the howling gale!
Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
King of the field and foam,
King of the mountain, vale and lea,
King of the hearth and home!

Tears for the straining sail and sheet—
Now a whistle and now a moan—
As the waves ride over the fatal fleet
At the whim of the wild wind blown.
But cheers for the million-muscled oars
That I make from drops of rain:
For as coal I am king, and the song I sing
Is a dirge to the fleet of Spain!
Oh, I am king of the land and sea,
King of the field and foam,
King of the mountain, hill and lea,
King of the hearth and home!

—E. F. Burns in the Boston Globe.